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lime, her iron chains and broken tile mattresses. In Mr. Faber's book, which we have so often had before occasion to refer to, he modestly disclaims as absurd the notion that he should write a book for any one trying to be a saint. His aim he states to be, "affectionately to ask people to think, if they will not be saints, whether they will not love our dearest Lord as far as Calvary, without committing themselves to the crucifixion." But, after all, the real test of the goodness of doctrine is to see how it would work if everybody practised it. We can conceive no scene of greater happiness than the world would exhibit if everybody was a saint according to our notion of what is meant by the word; if everybody was full of love to God and to his neighbour; if selfishness were destroyed, sinful passions conquered, the promotion of God's glory the chief object in every one's thought—why, it would be no longer earth, it would be heaven. But suppose every one was a saint according to Mr. Duffy's model—suppose every one held the very thought of marriage in abhorrence—suppose every one endeavoured to improve on the way in which God Almighty had made him, and strove with hot lime, iron chains, dirt, and red pepper, to make his person as disagreeable to his neighbours as God, no doubt, would have made it if he had intended saints of Mr. Duffy's class to be general—suppose every one were to take as little food as nature would submit to, and that the noise of the iron discipline was continually resounding; that nothing was to be seen but pale faces, livid flesh, and bleeding shoulders—what a scene the world would present! it would be no longer earth, it would be—purgatory. Now, if any of our readers will but just look about him in the world, and see how God has made every natural object beautiful to the eye—how every sight, and scent, and sound of nature is full of pleasure, except where sin has depraved and polluted it—we are content to leave it to his decision to say which of these two kinds of saints is the kind with which the Author of Nature wished His world to be full.

#### THE LANDLORD'S LETTER.

I DON'T know whether any of those who now read the CATHOLIC LAYMAN ever heard of such a place as Ballintubber. Once on a time I wrote one or two accounts of some of the doings there, which were printed in this paper; but it is so long ago that you have had time to forget it; and, besides, I hear that a great many more read the CATHOLIC LAYMAN now than used to do then. Well, at any rate, I was reminded that I had not then time to tell any of the reasons the people of Ballintubber had for not liking Mr. Grip, the agent, so I may as well tell you now; and as what I am now going to tell you happened before any of the things I told of before, those that didn't read the old numbers of this paper will be the better able to understand my story.

If Mr. Grip didn't turn out well as an agent, it was no blame to those that appointed him, for the agency had been in his family for about a hundred years; and there never was an honest man or one that managed better than his grandfather, old Anthony Grip. However, it was a great temptation to them, things being left so much in their power. The Sherwins lived altogether on the Continent, and the agent might do very much as he pleased. As long as old Anthony lived, things went on very well; but the son was a very different man from his father; and if he was bad, the grandson was worse. By degrees they introduced a good many new rules into the management of the estate; and the object of all these rules was the screwing money out of the tenantry, very little of which, I may tell you, went into the landlord's pocket. The way they managed was—first to make some little change in one of the old rules; they would generally choose the time when one of the tenants died to change the rule a little, and make some new exaction from the son; and if he objected, they bullied him, or they told him "it was always so"—it was one of the "regulations of the estate"—"they must know better than he;" and so when they got one rule well established, they tried another, and so on, until the tenantry were in such a bad condition that you would never know the place for the same it had been in old Anthony's time.

One thing, perhaps, which made the tenants submit to all this was the state of ignorance they were kept in; you could hardly blame the Sherwin family for this, for they had founded good schools on the estate, and left fine endowments for the master; but O'Reilly, the schoolmaster, was son-in-law to Mr. Grip, and played into his hands; it suited his laziness not to give his pupils more instruction than he could help; and, besides, perhaps he thought the less the people knew the more likely they would be to submit to those they knew to be wiser than themselves, and the less chance there would be of any complaints reaching the landlord's ears.

The first thing that made a great change in Ballintubber was, that some of the boys that found it hard to live there went over to America and thrived very well there; you may be sure they were anxious to let their friends at home know of their good luck; and their poor fathers and mothers, at Ballintubber, wanted to send them news of home, from time to time, and it was then they found reason to be sorry for their want of education. Those that were best taught of them thought it a great thing if they could spell their way through one of the stories in the reading book, miscalling

half the words; and when they grew up they generally forgot what they knew; and as for writing, not one of them was ever taught such a thing. The poor boys in America had to go about looking for some one to write their letters for them; and, when the letters came over, Mr. O'Reilly, who was postmaster, had to read them as well to the people, and to write their letters back again for them. If he had had an idle life before, I can tell you his place then was no easy one; however, if his ill-wishers are to be believed, he did not lose by his trouble. At least I was told of several remittances of money that were said to be sent over by the boys in America to their families, and I know that nothing was ever heard about them by the people in Ballintubber, who, to be sure, had to be contented with knowing as much of their letters as Mr. O'Reilly was pleased to tell them. I don't think they suspected anything, but, at any rate, they did not like this state of things; and Tim Callaghan, in particular, came to Mr. O'Reilly, and insisted that his son Pat should be taught to write: so did Michael Kelly, and several others of the people of the village. Mr. O'Reilly tried to laugh and talk them out of this foolish notion, and wanted to know why they wanted their children to be wiser than any of the people of Ballintubber for the last hundred years; and asked whether the education that had been good enough for themselves was not good enough for their children. However, the people were positive, and, at last, Mr. O'Reilly thought it best to give in; for he knew very well that writing was one of the things which, as schoolmaster, he was bound to teach. So there was a writing class in Ballintubber school; and Pat Callaghan, especially, took to the writing greatly, and could not only write a fair hand himself, but he could read writing—hand as well as some of them could read printed books. Now, Pat was a sharp lad, and it happened that one evening that he had been sent up to Mr. O'Reilly's to buy some trifle or other—for Mrs. O'Reilly had a little shop, and sold threads and tapes, and other little odds and ends—Pat noticed a paper on the chimney-piece behind the counter, and brought back word to his father that there was a letter directed to him at Mr. O'Reilly's. So, next morning, Tim Callaghan went up, and Pat with him, and asked Mr. O'Reilly for the letter for him.

"There's no letter for you," said Mr. O'Reilly.

"No letter!" said Tim, looking rather blank.

"No," said Mr. O'Reilly; "what letter should there be? there has been no American mail these three weeks."

"Why, sir," says young Pat, as sharp as you please, "there's the letter I mean on the chimney-piece."

"Oh, that letter," said Mr. O'Reilly; "not stirring to give it him. 'I thought, of course, you expected a letter from America; that letter is nothing but the letter from the landlord, Mr. Sherwin.'"

"A letter from the landlord," cried Tim; "well, if his honour has been pleased to write to me, sure that's the letter, of all others, I'd like to have."

"It's not to you, man, in particular," returned Mr. O'Reilly; "it's a circular to all the tenantry, containing some of the rules for the management of the estate, and directions for the cropping of your land."

"I'm delighted to hear it, sir," said Tim; "it will be of great use to us; will you hand it over to me if you please, sir."

"Use to you! What use would it be to you? Do you think, that ignorant people like you would understand it properly? Mr. Grip has got the circular, and understands it all, and you'll just take your directions from him, as usual, without troubling your own heads about it."

"But, sir," said Tim, "if Mr. Sherwin had intended the letter for Mr. Grip only, would not he have sent it straight to him? When he directed the letter to us, it looks like a poor compliment to the master if we wouldn't try and read it, and try and get as much good as we can by it. So, if you please, sir, I will take it home with me and try to understand it, and if I can't, why, if it does me no good it can do me no harm."

"No," said Mr. O'Reilly, "the mischief would just be that you'd be fancying you understood it, and going as you thought by it, when, in reality, you'd be going all wrong. So I have strict orders from Mr. Grip not to let any one have a copy of the letter except those that bring me written orders from him."

"But, sir," says Tim, "when the letter is directed to me, aren't you bound to give it to me?"

"Are you going to teach me my duty as postmaster?" says Mr. O'Reilly. "Do you think the government would have set me over the letters if I wasn't to have my discretion who to give letters to or not? What difference does it make to you whether you get it or not? Sure you're bound to take the meaning of it from me. You'd never know there was a letter at all here for you if I did not tell you or show it to you. Only for me you'd not know how to read a line of it. Many's the letter has come from America that you couldn't have made sense of at all, if I didn't expound it to you. So you may be as well content to take it from me first as last. You can't help depending on me; and it's as good for you just to take the meaning of Mr. Sherwin's letter from the rules we give you, without troubling your own head about it."

"Then won't I get the letter, sir?" said Tim.

"Will you be off out of that, and not be crowding up the place all day?" cried Mr. O'Reilly, in a thundering voice; and Tim Callaghan moved off, not knowing exactly what to say, and yet not more than half satisfied.

When Tim came home he spoke to several of the tenants, and told them there was a letter for them from the landlord, that they could not get. However, when he explained to them the reason why, there was only Michael Kelly and one or two more that grumbled a little; the rest said, "why if we couldn't understand it what good would it be to us?" And Michael Kelly only said, "I wonder the master hadn't more sense than to go to the trouble of writing us a letter that we can't understand."

The more Tim thought of the matter the less he was pleased at not being allowed to see this letter; for there was another of the "regulations of the estate" of which I must tell you a little now, which he found very hard to make agree with this. It was one time that the tenantry had become dissatisfied with something or other, or had some favour to ask, I forget what, from the landlord, and having no one else to come to, they came to Mr. O'Reilly, to get him to write for them. He didn't make any difficulty about writing. Quite the contrary; he told them that it was the landlord's wish that they should send him a letter, once a week, giving him a report of the state of the farms, and telling him what they wanted him to do; that they should come up, once a week, to Mr. O'Reilly, and he would read over for them the letter he was going to send, and they should pay him so much a week for his trouble. Well, they all agreed to this; and the first week they went up, full of expectation, to hear what fine words Mr. O'Reilly would put their wishes in. But when he began to read, how they did stare at each other; one scratched his head; another would have interrupted him only for shame's sake; not a word could they understand from one end to the other. When Mr. O'Reilly had finished, he said, "There, boys; I defy any one to give you better value for your money than that letter; it shall go by this night's post, and all that are here present will be sure to find the good of it."

"Sir," says Tim Callaghan, "I have no doubt it's a very fine letter, but if I may make bold to say so, sorra word of it I could understand."

"How could you be expected to understand it, man," said Mr. O'Reilly; "sure it's Latin."

"Latin!" said Tim; "why, then, wouldn't you tell his honour in plain English what it was we wanted?"

"You ought to know," said Mr. O'Reilly, "that it's one of the regulations of the estate that no letter should ever be sent to the landlord except in Latin."

"Yerra, then," said Tim, "if that isn't the quare rule; and what's the reason of that, sir?"

"It ought to be reason enough for you," said Mr. O'Reilly, "that it is one of the regulations of the estate, and that's all need be said about it; however, I may tell you this—that Mr. Sherwin has tenants in France, too, and how would he look, if some of his tenants wrote to him in French and some of them in English; he likes uniformity you know. And if you were travelling in France, and if any of the tenants there asked you to join them in one of their petitions, how would you know what you were putting your name to, if the letter was in French?"

"Why, then, sir," says Tim, "if the Latin letters is no use till I come to travel in France, it's little good they are; and if the letter you read was in French itself, I'd understand as much of it as I do now; and, to my thinking, the best kind of uniformity would be, if every one was to write in the language they understood. However, sir, if it's one of the regulations of the estate there's nothing to be said again it. But, I suppose, sir, you won't want me to come up to hear the letter read every week. Sure I am willing to agree to it all without coming, since I'd be no wiser if I came."

"That won't do, at all, Tim," said Mr. O'Reilly; "it's only they that come and hear it read, and put their names to it, will get any benefit by it."

Well, I am afraid you'll think I am losing the thread of my story, by telling you all these regulations about the Latin letters; but, if I hadn't told you, I could not well have explained to you how it was that Tim was fairly gravelled now, when he could not get the landlord's letter. "Well," said he to himself, "that bates all, for quareness. Mr. O'Reilly won't give me the landlord's letter, because, he says, I couldn't understand it, and maybe he's right; but, if things I can't understand is bad for me, why does he make me go up every week to hear the Latin letters, that's written in a language that I'm told the devil himself can't understand. And, if the Latin I hear does me no harm, what harm could the landlord's letter do me, for it can't be harder than the Latin, supposing, even, there's not a plain word in the whole of it?"

It often happens that when one can't get a thing, that's the very reason one wishes for it, and so it was with Tim Callaghan; he came to be mighty curious about Mr. Sherwin's letter, and wondering what was in it, and how he could get it. And he remembered that Mr. O'Reilly said that he might give the letter to those that could bring him written orders from Mr. Grip. So the next time Tim was up paying his rent, he contrived to have some talk with Mr. Grip; and at last he brought the subject round to the letter, and to Mr. Grip not allowing it to be read by the tenantry. But, though Tim had spoken respectfully enough, as he thought, Mr. Grip fired up at once. "Who dare say such a thing," says he, "as that I would be against the tenantry knowing anything the landlord wished them to be told. There's nothing that I wish more

than that every tenant on the estate should be able to see the letter." This was joyful hearing for Tim. But Mr. Grip went on—"Of course," said he, "all I wish is, that the tenantry should know the landlord's wishes; and if any of them were so ignorant that they would take a meaning out of the letter quite the opposite of what Mr. Sherwin meant, then, it stands to reason, they'd be better without the letter than with it. So, all I require is, that people should bring me a certificate from the schoolmaster that they are educated men, and have sense enough to put no bad meaning on it, and then I give them an order to get it."

Says Tim—"I think I can get that same certificate easy enough, and I'll just step down for it."

"There's another thing I should mention," said Mr. Grip; "and that is, before I give you the order, you must sign an engagement that you'll never put any meaning on the letter except the meaning I bid you; and, in particular, that you'll never go about saying that any of the regulations of the estate, that I go by, are contrary to the words of the letter."

"Bless your honour," said Tim, "who'd ever suspect your honour of going against the words of the master's letter. Sure we all know you wouldn't make any regulations contrary to his authority; it's little occasion for me to sign such an engagement as that."

"I know better," said Mr. Grip. "I never yet let letters from the landlord get carelessly into the hands of any of the tenants, that they were not sure to say that they were contrary to some of my regulations. I had trouble enough, when you were a lad, with some scoundrels who had got hold of a letter from the landlord, and who had the impudence to say he condemned some of my rules; however, I soon settled their hash for them. I had them well punished, and bundled them out of the estate. And I am determined to take good care never to have such trouble again; so you either must sign the engagement, to put my meaning on the letter, and nothing else, or the letter you shan't have."

"Well," says Tim, "I have confidence in your honour, who to be sure is wiser than me; and I'd like to see the letter, so I'll sign the engagement."

"Then," said Mr. Grip, "you have only to bring me the schoolmaster's certificate, and I will give you an order to have the letter on payment of the postage."

"Postage," cried Tim; "and is there much postage to pay?"

"Only a pound," said Mr. Grip.

"A pound!" cried Tim; "why 'twould take me six months to save that much."

"You wouldn't have us treat the landlord with so much disrespect as to make his letters too common, or only to charge the same for them as for the scrawls your brother might send you from America."

"Sir," said Tim, "a pound is a great deal of money; and, after all, if I had the letter, since it only confirms the regulations you go by, I believe it will answer just as well to hear them from you."

"Just as well," said Mr. Grip; "now you speak like a man of sense. I read Mr. Sherwin's letter carefully enough; and as you have me to give you the meaning of it, you may just as well save your money. You will get on as well without it."

"Stay, sir," said Tim; "even though the letter contains nothing but your regulations, still, I think, I should like to have them all in black and white; for I often hear you tell us things are regulations, that I was never told of before; and as you say you never make a new rule, I would be glad to have the letter which gives, I suppose, a list of them all."

"And do you think," said Mr. Grip, "that all the regulations are in that letter? Why there's not the tenth part of them. My grandfather, Anthony, heard them all from Mr. Sherwin, that was then, and he taught them all to my father, and my father to me. It's only a few of the rules that are in the letter. But the great rule is to mind my bidding, and that's rule enough for you."

"I suppose that rule is in the letter, sir," said Tim.

"No, it isn't," said Mr. Grip, turning on him as if he would eat him up. "That's the principal of the things my father told me I was to impress upon you all. If the master forgot to put it in the letter, I suppose it was because he knew I would be sure not to let you forget it. But just take my advice, mind your potato field, and don't trouble your head about the letter, or you'll become a troublesome, rebellious fellow, like those I had to get rid of."

"Why, then, sir," said Tim, "I believe your advice is good; and I'll put the letter out of my head, for 'twould only cost me a mint of money, and I'd be no wiser after all."

After this conversation with Mr. Grip, Tim Callaghan gave up the idea of trying to see the landlord's letter, and things went on as usual, until Loughmanagh fair day, where he had to go over to sell a cow. He wasn't there very long before he sold her well, to Mr. Robinson, a stout farmer of Kilpatrick; he didn't stay very long after that; and on the way home, he overtook Mr. Robinson, and they walked together, for Tim's way lay through Kilpatrick. Another time, perhaps, he might have been shy of talking to Mr. Robinson, for there was bad blood between the Kilpatrick boys and the Ballintubber boys, and desperate faction fights there used to be between them, though now the police had put a

stop to it; but this day Tim had Mr. Robinson's guineas chinking in his pocket, and he was not inclined to answer him surly when Mr. Robinson spoke friendly to him. So they walked on together, and by the time they got to Kilpatrick, they were such friends that Mr. Robinson asked him in to rest himself and eat a bit of dinner with him. And, after dinner, he took him round his place and showed him his way of farming; and Tim saw a great many things he never saw before, and was greatly delighted with it all—for he had no notion so much could be got out of the land. So, at last, he asked his new acquaintance, where it was that he had learned all these plans that were so new to himself. I wonder they should be new to you said Mr. Robinson; why I only go according to the directions Mr. Sherwin gave us in his circular.

"And is Mr. Sherwin your landlord, too?" said Tim Callaghan.

"Oh, yes; all this country belongs to him."

"But, how could it be that Mr. Grip would give you one explanation of the letter and us another—for he teaches us quite a different way?"

"I don't care how Mr. Grip explains it," said Mr. Robinson, "I go by the plain words of Mr. Sherwin's own letter."

"Then, have you got the letter?" cried Tim, all in surprise, "and how did you get Mr. Grip to allow you to have it?"

"I didn't ask his leave," said Mr. Robinson.

"And weren't you afraid of his turning you off the estate?"

"I have nothing to say to Mr. Grip," said Mr. Robinson; "he has no power over me."

"But," said Tim, quite overpowered with all the strange news he heard, "Mr. Grip told us, often and often, that Mr. Sherwin hadn't an acre of property anywhere, but he was agent over it."

"Don't believe a word of it," said Mr. Robinson; "we all lived in Ballintubber, when I was a lad, and were under Mr. Grip until my father got the landlord's letter and found out, from that, some of the tricks Mr. Grip was playing, and so he earned his ill-will, and Mr. Grip put him out of Ballintubber. And then my father wrote to Mr. Sherwin, so he gave him this farm we hold now, and we have nothing to say to Mr. Grip ever since."

"Ah," said Tim, "it's well your father was a learned man; but I dare not bring Mr. Grip's anger on me, for there's not a soul in Ballintubber could write to the master, but Mr. O'Reilly, and, to be sure, he wouldn't go again his father-in-law."

"And isn't there a soul in Ballintubber can write but one?" cried Mr. Robinson, whose turn it was now to be astonished.

"My own son, Pat, could write, if that was all," returned Tim; "but it's the Latin letters we're not up to."

"Oh, the Latin," cried Mr. Robinson, laughing, till he could hardly stand, "I had forgotten that. Well, Grip has certainly played you a great many tricks, but of all the barefaced humbugs I ever heard of, that's the most outrageous. Do you think that any gentleman, of common sense, would make a rule that he wouldn't take letters except they were written in a language that the people that sent them didn't understand? No, it's no rule of Mr. Sherwin's; but do you know the reason of this rule?"

"Yes," said Tim; "I remember Mr. O'Reilly telling me some of the reasons for the rule; but, to tell the truth, I didn't think any of them good ones."

"I warrant he didn't tell you the true reason; and that is, there's nothing Grip is so much afraid of, as of the tenantry's going straight to the master without going through his hands; he knows, if they did, his rogueries would soon come to light; so that is why he puts every difficulty he can in the way of the tenantry making their wants known to Mr. Sherwin, or of his making his wishes known to them. And now, if you would like it, I will give you a copy of the master's letter to take home with you."

"There's nothing would delight me more," said Tim; "but is the letter you have got the same as the letter that was sent to me?"

"Exactly the same," said Mr. Robinson; "and if you want to be sure of it, just get Mr. Grip to read out some of the letter to you, and do you compare it with the letter I am giving you, and try if every line isn't the same. But do you know the reason the master's letter was kept from you so long?"

"Yes, sir, I do," said Tim; "it's because it's too difficult and hard for me to understand."

"You never made a worse hit than that," returned Mr. Robinson, laughing again; "it's because it's too easy to understand."

"And where could be the harm of that?" said Tim.

"No harm to you, perhaps; but great harm to Mr. Grip. It's very easy to understand the letter, but very hard to get a meaning out of it that will agree with his doings. No wonder, it must be a clever fellow that would get his meaning out of the letter. Just let me read you a little, and you shall judge for yourself."

So Mr. Robinson just read part of the letter in which Mr. Sherwin desired that his letter should be read out for them all—men, women, and children—and that they were to get it by heart, and teach it to their children, and talk about it when they were walking on the road, and in the evenings when they were going to bed, and in the morn-

ings when they were getting up. "Well, Mr. Callaghan, how does this agree with Mr. Grip's not letting any of you have a copy of the letter?"

Then he read several other parts of the letter, which there's no use in my telling you, unless I had time to tell you of the strange rules Mr. Grip had made, that were quite contrary to the letter; another time I may tell you some of his tricks, if any of you care to read them. And some of the rules Mr. Grip laid most stress on were not mentioned in the letter at all; though any one could see they were a kind of thing that would not be left out if the landlord had wished them to be observed.

Tim could hardly sleep a wink that night, with thinking of all the new things he had learned that day; and, next day, he set to work reading over the letter; and before many days were past, he knew it so well, that he had it almost by heart. Somehow or other he was not in a hurry to go tell his discovery to Mr. Grip; but he could not help telling many of his neighbours how it could be proved that Grip kept many of their rights back from them, and how they weren't at all bound to pay many of the dues he exacted from them; and he began to alter his own plan of farming to agree with what was directed in the circular, and which he had seen work so well at Mr. Robinson's. So it could not be long kept a secret from Mr. Grip, and he sent up for Tim one morning, and asked him, "what new-fangled ways those were that he had the impudence to introduce into Ballintubber?"

Tim answered, "that he only did according to what was in the master's letter."

This made Mr. Grip furious. "What business have you, or the like of you, with his honour's letter; and where did you get a copy of it?"

Tim told him, from Mr. Robinson, of Kilpatrick.

"That's not the right letter you could have got from him," said Mr. Grip.

So, then, Tim did as Mr. Robinson had ordered him; and he offered to let Mr. Grip read out his letter, and compare the two, and see if they were not as like as two peas.

"Show your letter here," said Mr. Grip; so Tim did so very simply, thinking he was going to compare the two; but the agent just took the letter Tim handed him, and put it inside the bar of the grate, and held it tight with the poker, until it was burnt to ashes.

When Tim saw his treasure disappear in this way, he cried out at the disrespect of treating the master's letter in such a way.

"The master's letter, indeed," said Mr. Grip; "it's the devil's own letter for throwing the whole place into confusion. I wish I had this poker within reach of the fellow that gave it to you. And as for you, if I see any more of these new-fangled plans with you, or if I hear any more talk about letters from you, you don't remain another week upon the estate."

Now, Tim had plenty of courage; and besides, there were several of the tenantry in the office that he was sure would take his part, since, if he could put down any of Grip's rogueries, they would all be the better of it; so he told Grip stoutly that he had a right to the landlord's letter, and he would have it; and that as for his being put off the estate, that was more than Grip could do, if he did nothing wrong beyond asking for his own, and that the master had plenty of estates that Grip had nothing to say to.

To this Mr. Grip abused him like a pickpocket; and called him a liar; and swore, that Mr. Sherwin hadn't a foot of land but he was agent over it. If Tim had expected that the tenantry would take his part he was woefully disappointed. In the first place, they were all in great dread of Mr. Grip, who made out his power over them to be far greater than it really was; and besides, he took a very cunning advantage of the ill-will between them and the Kilpatrick boys. He turned on Tim, and said, ought not you to be ashamed, for a Ballintubber boy, to go and sell himself to the Kilpatrick faction? How much did Robinson pay you for introducing discontent into this estate?

Well, Tim could not deny that he had sold his cow to Mr. Robinson, and got his dinner from him; and then there was no end to the vile names Grip called him. He told every Ballintubber man to kick him, and every Ballintubber woman to spit upon the rascal, that sold himself to the Kilpatrick faction for a dinner. He finished by taking the horsewhip to Callaghan, who only escaped this, because the crowd hustled him out of the office.

"Boys, boys," he cried, "wont you listen to me. What would I sell myself to the Kilpatrick people for? or what good would it do them to buy me? Supposing I can get as fine crops out of my fields as Mr. Robinson, what would the Kilpatrick people be the better of it? And if we can get our rents lowered, and get rid of some of the agent's dues, who'll be the worse of it, except Mr. Grip? Isn't it foolish of you to take his part against me, when I often heard you complain of these same things between ourselves?"

Tim's words were drowned in cries of "Hurroo for Ballintubber," "Down with the Kilpatrick vagabond;" and the only answer he got was, the rap of a sod of turf on his right ear; and as he saw there was harder coming, he cried, "well, boys, if you haven't sense to know your friends, that's no reason why I should stay to be made a shillycock of;" and with that he cut for his life, and glad enough he was when he found himself at home.

## THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN.

In our last number we undertook to give our readers some information about the Festival of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, celebrated on every 15th August by the Church of Rome.

As some of our Protestant readers may be ignorant enough not to know what event or doctrine is meant to be commemorated by that festival, we must begin by informing them what it is that Roman Catholics mean by the "Assumption."

They believe, as a matter of fact, that, after the Blessed Virgin died and was buried, which they say took place A.D. 47 or 48, her body was supernaturally removed from her coffin, and taken up into heaven; which miraculous removal is denominated, by the Church of Rome, her "Assumption."

The death and burial of the Blessed Virgin are not, therefore, the matters in dispute—the only controversy is, as to the truth or falsehood of the alleged fact, that after her death and burial her dead body was taken up to heaven, in the same miraculous manner that the living body of our Lord, after his resurrection from the dead, ascended into heaven.

Now, that such a miracle was just as possible and as easy for the Almighty to perform as the ascension of our Blessed Lord, or the translation of Enoch or Elijah, no Protestant doubts. The only question is, did God work this particular miracle, and what kind and amount of testimony have we that He did so.

We admit, fully, the possibility (we might even, perhaps, *a priori*, admit the probability) that God would distinguish so highly-favoured a vessel of mercy, by raising her to the beatified and glorified state before the ordinary period; but were we to allow our minds to speculate about probabilities in such matters, we should deem it more probable that the Blessed Virgin would not have died at all, but that she would have ascended visibly into heaven, or been visibly translated, as Jesus and Elijah. Descending, therefore, from the regions of imagination and *a priori* reasonings, to the humble sphere of historical facts, let us see what is the evidence that the dead body of the Blessed Virgin was taken up into heaven. Who saw, and who recorded, this miraculous event; and where did it take place?

Now, it is worthy of notice, we think, in the first place, that although the sacred historians bring down the record of events to a considerably later date (fifteen years, at least, after the death of the Holy Virgin), not one of them takes the slightest notice of this wonderful miracle. The Holy Scriptures are absolutely and profoundly silent about any such event having taken place; and have not a single word about either the time, the manner, or the place of Mary's death; or even as to whether she accompanied St. John in his travels or not. All that the Scriptures tell us is, that immediately after the crucifixion that disciple (St. John) took her to his own home.\*

We must choose some other occasion for observing upon the affecting and edifying incident which St. John records as having occurred, relative to the Blessed Virgin, while the Lord Jesus was hanging on the cross; for the present, we shall only say, that if it had been our Lord's will that his beloved mother should be exalted into an object of religious adoration, and that all his followers should look to her as the channel through which the favours and blessings of heaven were to be conveyed to mankind, his words and conduct towards her, on that occasion, would, up to this hour, seem to be inexplicable; as would be also the words of the evangelist, St. John, closing his narrative, by the simple words—"And from that hour that disciple took her to his own home."

The silence of Scripture, however, may be, perhaps, made up for by the clearness and consistency of the uninspired testimony of other faithful writers; and the time, the place, the circumstances, may be recorded in such authentic histories, or supported by such early primitive traditions, that no fair and impartial inquirer can refuse credence to it. Let us see whether this be the case.

We had hoped that some of our Roman Catholic correspondents or readers would have saved us the trouble of searching for such evidence, by furnishing us with it themselves, or, at least, referring us to some writer of acknowledged orthodoxy and ability, in whose works it might be found. As, however, we have been disappointed in that, we think not unreasonable, hope, we must only do the best we can to elucidate the matter ourselves; though, in doing so, we feel very like a man attempting to grope his way in the dark, or to see through an impenetrable mist, which grows more dense and foggy the further he goes into it.

The first thing that strikes us is, that the very place where this astonishing event is said to have taken place, is a matter of dispute and uncertainty. Some maintaining that the Blessed Virgin breathed her last at Ephesus, while others affirm, that her departure from this world took place at Jerusalem. If, as the later writers affirm, the Virgin was buried in the Valley of Jehosaphat, in the Garden of Gethsemane, we think it rather singular that

\* St. Epiphanius, towards the end of the fourth century, observes, that in the sacred Scriptures there was no mention made concerning the death of Mary—whether she was dead or not, buried or not buried; also, that the Scriptures were silent whether, when St. John went into Asia, she was the companion of his journey. "In quibus nullam de Marie obitu mentionem reperit, mortui sit necne, sepulta an non sepulta fuerit. Ac cum Joannes interim in Asiam profectus sit nusquam tamen B. Virginem itineris comitem secum illum habuisse significat; sed de ea re penitus Scriptura taceat." Epiphanius adv. Hæres. lib. iii., tom. ii., cap. xi., Oper., vol. I., p. 1043. Paris, 1622.

neither St. Jerome or St. Epiphanius, who are the two Fathers most likely to have heard of it, for the reasons we shall presently state, should have taken the least notice of it. M. Le Quien (Ordinis FF Prædicatorum), the Roman Catholic editor of the works of John Damascenus, observes on the silence of those two eminent writers on the subject, and says, that though St. Jerome passed a great part of his life at Bethlehem, and purports to enumerate in his "Epitaph on Paula," all the places in Palestine distinguished by any remarkable event, he has yet said nothing of this; and further says, that Epiphanius, though he lived long in Palestine, actually declares, that nothing was known as to the death or burial of the Blessed Virgin.\* We cannot help agreeing with M. Le Quien, that it is passing strange that neither St. Epiphanius, who died A.D. 370, or St. Jerome, who died, A.D. 418, knew anything of the miraculous removal to heaven of the Blessed Virgin's body, if the Church then believed it! Was the feast of the Assumption celebrated on every 15th of August in their days?

The silence of Epiphanius and Jerome, however, may, perhaps, be amply made up for by the testimony of the rest of the Fathers; and it may be thought that they did not notice it, because it had been so frequently recorded by others.

What, however, will our readers think when we tell them, that not one of the writings of the primitive Fathers contain the slightest hint that they believed, or had even heard of such a tradition in their days.

Ignatius is silent; so is Justin Martyr. So are Irenæus, the two Clements, Tertullian, Origen, Cyprian, Gregory Thaumaturgus, Methodius, and Lactantius. So are Athanasius, Cyril, and Hilary, as well as Epiphanius and Jerome.

Will any Roman Catholic deny this to be the case? and is it possible that none of them ever heard the story? or had they so little zeal for the honour of the Virgin as not to record or even allude to it?

How ominous is such dark silence, how inexplicable, on any other hypothesis than the one we conceive to be the true one, either that the story had not then been invented; or, if it existed at all, that it was universally considered as a fabulous legend, unworthy of serious notice.

We believe that the modern doctrine of development has not yet been applied to the discovery of long-concealed historical facts; otherwise, perhaps, we ought to have said that there is another way of explaining the matter—viz., by supposing that the fact of the Assumption had not yet been developed, and that the silence of the Fathers may be attributable to their unhappily having lived too soon!

Let us grope on, however, and, perhaps, still we may be fortunate enough to arrive at some glimmering light on this mysteriously dark subject.

The earliest testimony we have ever seen referred to is a short supposed entry in a chronological work (long since lost), called the *Chronicon of Eusebius*, of which we shall have more to say another time, which is said to record (if such an entry can be considered a record) that some persons (whom he does not name, and the date even of whose writings he states nothing about), had written, not what they knew or had heard as a matter of fact, or received by tradition, but that a revelation had been made to them of a fact alleged to have taken place nearly 300 years before the time of that writer! The supposed entry is as follows:—"A.D. 48, Mary, the Virgin, the mother of Jesus, was taken up into heaven, as some write that it has been revealed to them."

Now, suppose that this passage really came from the pen of Eusebius himself, is this the way he would have mentioned a universally known and believed historical fact, annually commemorated in the Christian Church on the 15th August, in the Festival of the Assumption, and in which he believed himself, as a doctrine of the Church?

So far, however, is this supposed entry, from deserving the name of Eusebius, that the above passage is now acknowledged to be a palpable interpolation, even in the alleged Latin translation, which is all that now exists of the *Chronicon of Eusebius*, which was written in Greek. There are seven manuscripts of this Latin translation in the Vatican library alone, not one of which contains anything of the kind, and Bishop Arnaldus Pontacus, the Roman Catholic editor of the *Chronicon*, printed at Bourdeaux, A.D. 1604, p. 506, tells us naively enough, that he was restrained from expunging it, only because nothing certain, as to the Assumption of the Virgin, could be substituted in its place!! Its spuriousness, however, is now no longer a question of dispute or doubt; for it is excluded from the Milan edition of 1818, by Angelus Maius and John Zohrab;§ and no trace of it is to be found in the

\* Nain fuisse ignotum Hieronymo qui magnam vitæ partem Bethleem habuit procul a Sancta civitate egit, altum ejus silentium indicat, præsertim vero in epitaphio S. Paulæ viduae, in quo sacra Palestinae loca omnia accurate recensentur. Sanctum quoque Epiphanius genere Palaestinus, qui diu in Palestina versatus est, nonnulli omnes palam declarasse, monumentum esse, B. Virginis mortui sit, necne. Quod viri quidam eruditi non ita quidem affirmaverunt eam Ephesum decessisse, ac sepultam in Ecclesia, quæ idcirco in ejus honorem consecrata est, et de ejus nomine nuncupata in qua Synodus tercia generalis celebrata est, hoc Epiphanius verba falsi arguit.—John. Damasceni, oper. tom. ii., p. 558. Paris, ed. 1711.

† Luthi. Transl. Bourd. Ed., p. 158. "Maria Virgo Jesu Christi mater ad illum cælum assumitur, ut quidem fuisse sibi revelatum scribitur."

‡ Not extant in A.L.M. Septem Vaticanæ, et merito defendenda, si vera est Epiphani et Cedreni opinio, &c. Verum nil imitandum duximus, quod nil certi constet ex prædictis auctoribus de tempore et modo obitus ipsius. Pontacus honestly enough did all he dared to do by printing the spurious passage in a different type to call attention to it. § See p. 373.

Armenian version, published by the monks of the Armenian convent, near Venice, in 1818.

The next testimony is an anonymous work called the "Transitus," or Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, which appears (though we believe it is no longer extant) to have gained some currency in the fifth century. Who was its writer, or what statements it contained, we are unable to state; but it is a curious fact that, at the close of that century (A.D. 494) the council of Rome, with Pope Gelasius at its head, among the books not received, specifies as apocryphal, the book which is called the *Transitus*, or the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.\*

Well, we must admit that as yet we seem to be still getting deeper into the mist, and if the next authority be any better as helping to prove that in the course of the 5th century part of the Christian world were disposed to believe in this late-discovered miracle, we fear it will not much assist in establishing its existence as a generally believed historical fact, handed down by tradition from the earliest ages.

Whatever be its value, however, we shall, as impartial inquirers, give it to our readers, as we find it.

It is a letter said to have been written by Sophronius, the presbyter, about the beginning of the 5th century, entitled "Ad Paulam et Eustochium de Assumptione B. M. Virginis," and may be found in the 5th vol. of Jerome's works, p. 82 (Ed. Benedic. Paris, 1706). It was originally ascribed to St. Jerome, and is, therefore, included in that volume. We are not surprised that Baronius expresses much dissatisfaction with the writer; but, by assigning to the letter a still later date than the works of Sophronius, the Cardinal obviously only adds force to the argument for the comparatively recent origin of the story of the Assumption. That the letter is of ancient origin cannot be doubted, for our readers will readily believe that no Protestant forgeries were ever admitted among the works of St. Jerome, or could possibly, for a moment, have been mistaken for his. Whoever penned the letter, however, whether we look to the sensible and pious sentiments contained in it, or to its undisputed antiquity, we think the following extract cannot fail to be interesting; and we beg the earnest attention of such of our Roman Catholic readers to it as have been accustomed to treat the fact of the Assumption as if it stood upon the same undoubted testimony as the fact of the resurrection of our Blessed Lord himself.

"Many of our people," says the writer, "doubt whether Mary was taken up together with her body, or went away, leaving the body. But how, or at what time, or by what persons, her holy body was taken hence, or whither removed, or whether it rose again is not known; although some will maintain that she is already revived, and is clothed with a blessed immortality with Christ in heavenly places, which very many have affirmed also of the blessed John the Evangelist, his servant, to whom, being a virgin, the Virgin was intrusted by Christ; because in his sepulchre, as it is reported, nothing is found but manna, which also is seen to flow forth. Nevertheless, which of these opinions should be thought the more true, we doubt; yet it is better to commit all to God, to whom nothing is impossible, than to wish to define rashly, by our own authority, any thing which we do not approve of. Because nothing is impossible with God, we do not deny that something of the kind was done with regard to the Blessed Virgin Mary; although, for caution's sake, *salvâ fide*, preserving our faith, we ought rather, with pious desire, to think than inconsiderately to decide, what, without any danger may remain unknown."

We think no one can deem the writer of the above letter a reviler of the Blessed Virgin, or unwilling to yield to the uniform testimony of antiquity, if any such had existed in his time. It is obvious, however, that, in his time, whenever he wrote, the tradition regarding the Blessed Virgin's Assumption was not generally received in the Church, but that it was, at best, a point of grave doubt and discussion among the faithful, many of whom thought it an act of pious forbearance to abstain from pronouncing any decided opinion upon the subject.

What, then, is the first testimony in favour of the alleged fact, for hitherto we seem to have rather been dealing with evidence against it.

As we have already stated in our last number, the earliest author in whose works the tradition is found, so far, at least as we have been able to discover, is John Damascenus, a monk of Jerusalem, who flourished somewhat before the middle of the eighth century, and who, therefore, stood, in point of date, relatively to the period of the Virgin's death, pretty much as Dr. Cullen would now do, as to any ecclesiastical miracle which he might think proper to narrate now, as having occurred at Canterbury or elsewhere in the reign of William the Conqueror!

John Damascenus gives it, moreover, not on his own authority, but by way of extract, out of a work which he calls the *Enthymic History* (not now extant), and about even the general character of which the learned are not agreed. Lambecius maintains that what Damascenus here quotes was not an ecclesiastical history, written by Euthymius, who is said to have died A.D. 472, but a biographical history of Euthymius himself, written by one Cyril, a monk, who died, A.D. 531. This opinion of Lambecius is combated by Cotelierus, and the discussion only adds to the denseness of the mist, which envelopes the whole from first to last. Whether Euthymius was the

\* Sac. Concil., Labbe and Cossart, tom. iv., p. 1264. Paris, 1671.

† St. Jerome's works, Bened. ed., tom. v., p. 83.



author or the subject of the work, however, signifies, perhaps, but little; the work is lost—an epitome only survives—but even that abridgment throws no light upon the subject, for no trace is to be found in the epitome of the passage which John of Damascus purports to quote from it; and we are, therefore, correct in stating, that the earliest extant author in whose works the tradition is found is Damascenus, in the middle of the eighth century.

The passage occurs in the 2nd of the three homilies on "the Sleep of the Virgin," "Dormitio\* Virginis," a term generally used by the Greeks as equivalent to the Latin "Assumptio," and affords a striking example of the manner in which Christian orators used to indulge in addresses and appeals, not only to the spirits of departed men, but even to things which never had life. Here the speaker, in his sermon, addresses the tomb of Mary, as if it had ears to hear, and an understanding to comprehend; and then represents the tomb as having a tongue to answer, and as calling forth from the preacher and his congregation an address of admiration and reverence. Such apostrophes, we think, cannot be too steadily borne in mind, when arguments are sought to be drawn from similar salutations, by ancient Christian orators, to saints or angels, or the Blessed Virgin herself.

"Thou, O tomb, of all holy sepulchres most holy," says John of Damascus, in this homily, "(for I will address thee as a living being), where is the much-desired and much-beloved body of the Mother of God?† The answer of the tomb begins thus, "Why seek ye her in a tomb, who has been taken up on high to the heavenly tabernacles?" In reply to this the preacher, first deliberating with his hearers what answer he should make, thus addresses the tomb.‡ "Thy grace, indeed, is never-failing and eternal, &c., &c." He then introduces the alleged passage—"Ye see, beloved fathers and brethren, what answer the all-glorious tomb makes to us, and in proof that those things are so, in the Enthyimiac history, the 3rd book and 40th ch., it is thus written word for word." "It has been above said that the holy Pulcheria built many churches to Christ at Constantinople, of these, however, there is one which was built in Blachernæ, in the beginning of [the reign of] Marcion of divine memory. These, therefore—namely, Marcion and Pulcheria—when they had built a venerable temple to the greatly-to-be-celebrated and most holy Mother of God and ever Virgin Mary, and had decked it with all ornaments, sought her most holy body, which had conceived God. And having sent for Juvenal, § Archbishop of Jerusalem, and the Bishops of Palestine, who were living in the royal city on account of the Synod then held at Chalcedon,|| they say to them, 'We hear that there is at Jerusalem the first and famous Church of Mary Mother of God and ever Virgin, in the garden called Gethsemane, where her body, which bore the Life, was deposited in a coffin; we wish, therefore, her relics to be brought here for the protection of this royal city.' But Juvenal answered, 'In the holy and divinely-inspired Scripture, indeed, nothing is recorded of the departure of the holy Mary, Mother of God; but from an ancient and most true tradition, we have received that at the time of her glorious falling asleep, all the holy Apostles, who were going through the world for the salvation of the nations, in a moment of time, borne aloft, came together to Jerusalem, and when they were near her, they had a vision of angels, and divine melody of the highest powers was heard; and thus with divine, and more than heavenly glory, she delivered her holy soul into the hands of God, in an unspeakable manner. But that which had conceived God, being borne with angelic and apostolic psalmody, with funeral rites, was deposited in a coffin in Gethsemane. In this place the chorus and singing of the angels continued for three whole days. But, after three days, on the angelic music ceasing, since one of the Apostles had been absent, and came after the third day, and wished to adore the body that had conceived God, the Apostles who were present opened the coffin; but the body, pure and every way to be praised, they could not at all find. And

when they found only those things in which it had been laid out and placed there, and were filled with an ineffable fragrant, proceeding from those things, they shut the coffin. Being astonished at the miraculous mystery, they could form no other thought but that He who, in His own person, had vouchsafed to be clothed with flesh, and to be made man of the most holy Virgin, and to be born in the flesh—God the Word and Lord of Glory—and who, after birth, had preserved her virginity immaculate, had seen it good, after she had departed from among the living, to honour her uncontaminated and unpolluted body by a translation before the common and universal resurrection."

And is this, indeed, the evidence on which this great fact is to be believed? A monk of Jerusalem, in the eighth century, cites a passage from a book which he calls the Enthyimiac history, whose author is unknown, and which work now exists only in an epitome which is wholly silent on the matter, which passage records that Juvenal (an Archbishop it would seem of somewhat doubtful fame) informed the Emperor that a tradition had reached him concerning a miraculous event nearly 400 years before, that the body of Mary was taken out of her coffin without the knowledge of the Apostles who had deposited it there; which, reduced into general terms, amounts to this, that a man who lived 700 years after an alleged miraculous event says, that the writer of a book (since lost) stated that another man, whose character is doubtful, told another man that he had heard and believed that such a miracle did take place 400 years before! Whilst the primitive and inspired account (recording most minutely the journeys and proceedings of some of those very Apostles before and subsequent to the supposed event, and the letters of others), makes no mention at all of any transaction of the kind; and of all the intermediate historians and writers of every character, not one gives the slightest intimation that any rumour of it had ever reached them! And is this, indeed, the kind of evidence on which one of the most solemn religious festivals of the Church of Rome, "the crown and consummation of them all,"\* is built? A says that B wrote that C told D that he C had heard and believed that a miracle occurred at Jerusalem 400 years before!

What, we ask, would those eminent judges, Chief Justice Monahan, or Chief Baron Pigot, think of such evidence in the Courts of Exchequer or Common Pleas? or how would such eminent lawyers as Sergeant O'Brien, Mr. Fitzgerald, or Mr. O'Hagan, like to argue upon such evidence in the Court of Queen's Bench? And is it possible that any educated Roman Catholic can be satisfied with it, in a matter of such infinitely greater importance than any question likely to arise in any of our courts of justice?

Can, or will none of the eminent Roman Catholics we have ventured to name, or none other of our Roman Catholic friends and readers, have the manliness to go to Dr. Cullen and place this paper in his hands, and adjure him by that allegiance, that "intensity of devotion," which he has so earnestly expressed towards the Blessed Virgin, to come forward and publish whatever better evidence his Church can adduce in support of this stupendous miracle? This is no matter of mere political party, or polemical strife, nor a point to stand on punctilios or etiquette. Where souls are the stake, the game is a solemn one. The safety of immortal souls is in the balance; and will Dr. Cullen refuse or withhold any evidence within his power? The question is, whether we shall open the eyes of our Roman Catholic countrymen to things by which their salvation may be perilled, or will Dr. Cullen open the eyes of Protestants on a matter on which their eternal salvation may depend?

If Dr. Cullen or any of his clergy attend to this appeal, anything he or they may think fit to write will, we can assure them, meet with our most respectful attention; but if Dr. Cullen shrinks from this most sacred duty, we tell him plainly and solemnly, that his devotedness to his Celestial Queen, and much boasted zeal for her honour, will henceforth be set down by thinking men as little more than a zeal which explodes in high-sounding epithets, but really means nothing but this, that, as far as he is concerned, all the world may believe or not, just as it pleases them; but as to giving a reason for the faith that he professes, he will not condescend to do so to any one, even to save him from the deadly sin of heresy on the one hand, or the fatal abyss of infidelity on the other. We will not, however, anticipate. We shall see.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank "A Friend to the Layman" for his obliging letter and useful information.

We have again to apologize to several of our friends for postponing their valued communications. If our correspondents would recollect the limited space of our columns, when forwarding letters or articles, it would prevent much embarrassment and disappointment.

We beg to call the attention of our correspondents to the utility of adding their name and address to their communications.

To diminish the chance of disappointment, all letters should be forwarded to the office by the first day of the month.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 9, Upper Sackville-st. Contributors of £1 per annum will be furnished with six copies, any of which will be forwarded, as directed, to nominees of the subscriber. Any one receiving any number of the journal, which has not been paid for or ordered by himself, will not be charged for it, and may assume that it has been paid for by a subscriber.

\* The Assumption of the Virgin Mary is the greatest of all the festivals which the Church celebrates in her honour.—Alban Butler, vol. viii. p. 175.

## The Catholic Layman.

DUBLIN, SEPTEMBER, 1854.

OUR Roman Catholic correspondents have latterly applied themselves chiefly to the question of the Catholic Church—of whom does it consist, and to whom does the name rightly belong? but, we think, they have not taken a sufficiently comprehensive view of the subject; and we ask their candid consideration of the method we now propose.

The Church has been more universal in respect of time than of place. It is the Church of all ages, still more than the Church of all nations. Those who would form any right idea of the Catholic Church—what it is, and of whom it consists—must study it from its first beginning. None of our correspondents have yet thought of doing this; here lies the source of their errors; and to correct this is our present object.

The question our correspondents have raised is about Churches, rather than about individuals; to this question, therefore, we confine ourselves for the present.

What was the constitution of the Church as established by the Apostles? What was necessary then to entitle a Church, in any particular place, to call itself a portion of the Church universal—to claim to itself the title of Catholic? Those who have not considered this question, cannot be prepared to decide what is necessary now. Let us, therefore, take a survey of the Church as the Apostles left it.

We read in Scripture of a Church at Jerusalem, a Church at Antioch, a Church at Corinth, a Church at Ephesus, a Church at Philippi, the Church of the Smyrneans, the Church of the Laodiceans, the Churches of Asia (Rom. xvi. 19), &c., &c.

Will any one say of these (as some of our correspondents say now), "it is evident that one only can be Catholic, or universal; all others, however numerous, can have no claim to the title?" Does not every one see that all of them together, made up one Catholic or universal Church; and that each of them had, in this sense, as good a claim as any other to the title of Catholic?

In what did their unity consist?

All these Churches were bound to preserve, pure and unchanged, "the faith once delivered" to them. They were bound to preserve the ministry which the Apostles had established in them. And each Church was bound to preserve communion and Christian fellowship and love, on the terms settled by the Apostles, with all the others. As each Christian was bound to communicate with the Church in that place in which he lived, so the Church, in each place, was bound to communicate with the Churches in all other places. Corinth could not intrude into Rome, to set up a second Church or society of Christians there; nor Rome into Corinth. Wherever a Christian went, he found one Church in that place; and he found himself a member of that Church. In this consisted the unity of one Catholic Church. But we nowhere find in Scripture that any one of these Churches was bound to be subject to any other of them. If there be such a place in Scripture, let our Roman Catholic correspondents produce it.

Christ prayed for the unity of his Church (John, ch. xvii. v. 21-23), and his Apostles commanded it (Rom. xvi. 17), so it was worthy to be put in the Catholic creed, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church." About holding that article of the creed, there is no difference between

#### \* Græcè Κοινωνία.

† Jam vero, O Sacrorum omnium sepulchrorum sacratissimum, (tecum enim tanquam animatum exes, mihi sermo erit) ubi sacratissimum illud atque anabibissimum corpus Dei genericis? (Sepulchri responsio). Quid enim in sepulchro queritis, quæ ad cælestia tabernacula clata est? "Quid porro nos vicissim ad sepulchrum dicemus?" Tunc quidem gratia perennis atque iudicantis est, &c.—Opera Damasc., Vol. II, p. 878. Paris ed., 1712.

‡ P. 881.

§ Le Quien, the editor of the works of John Damascenus, insinuates the possibility of this Juvenal (whose character he makes no scruple to stigmatize) having invented the whole story, in order, for his own sinister purposes, to deceive Marcion and Pulcheria. Just, he says, as Juvenal forged certain writings for the purpose of securing to himself the primacy of Jerusalem—a crime laid to the charge of Juvenal by Pope Leo the Great, in his letter to Maximus, Bishop of Antioch.—"Cæterum Marcionem et Pulcheriam certiores factos esse a Juvenale Hierosolymitano de Deiparæ Virginis Assumptione nequitiam ausim indicari nisi nec affirmari hæc perinde confecta esse ab eodem Juvenale, ac commentitia illa scripta, quæ ab eo producta fuisse ad obinendum Palæstinæ principatum, Leo Magnus queritur in epistola ad Maximum Antiochenum." Id. p. 879. See also, Leo's works, vol. I, p. 1215, epist. cxix., where our readers will still find the charge referred to by Le Quien.

|| If this story of Archbishop Juvenal, when attending the Council of Chalcedon, having told the Emperor this remarkable tradition be true, is it not somewhat strange that in the Acts of this Council there is not the faintest trace of any allusion to the supposed fact or alleged tradition, though the transactions of that council, in many of its most minute details, are recorded, and though its discussions brought the name and existence of the Virgin Mary continually, and with the most lively interest, before the minds of all who attended it?